



**Did You See His  
Teeth?**

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## Did You See His Teeth? by runboyrun

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**Summary:**

Richie can only take so much.

The "Richie trying to make it in LA before he makes it" that no one asked for.

## Did You See His Teeth?

### Author's Note:

Thank to mugsandpugs for being the greatest human to ever walk this earth and editing this garbage pile.

A cobb salad. Here he is, giving the most emotional read he can muster, and this bitch is eating a cobb salad. The noisiest of all salads - no half measures in fucking him up here!

“But I thought you-”

*Crunch.*

God dammit. He could feel the sides in his hand crumbling under his white knuckled fingers. The streaks of highlighter across his lines glaring up at him. *Use it, shit just use it. Look down, close your eyes, sharp inhale, make that fuck up look intentional.*

“- I thought you wanted me here?”

She licks some dressing off her thumb before bothering to look at the script. (God, you’d think she was milking the moment if she weren’t so indifferent.)

“Why would I.”

Can’t even pretend that was a question. *Whatever, it’s fine, you’re almost out of here.*

“Okay then.”

Keep looking at her, try to make her look back. Wait... wait... don't look at the camera...

*Beep*

Thank God.

Richie slammed a smile onto his face. Turning to one of the casting

directors who looked half asleep next to her cobb salad eating reader - Linda? Laura? He can't even remember, he feels too itchy to try and place her face to a name... - *She* was staring at him, quick darted once-overs that made his skin crawl.

He wouldn't speak first - he used to, but his agent scolded that out of him; nowadays he just stood and smiled at her until she gave any indication -

"Thank you for coming."

*Well. Alright then.*

"Thank you for having me." he responded with a polite smile, grabbing his bag on his way to the door.

"Did you see his teeth?" Laura-Linda snickered at his back. He didn't let it show that he heard them, though his neck felt much tenser than it had a second ago. They're never as quiet as they think they are.

Or maybe they *were* aware, and just didn't care enough to soften their voices.

"A bean pole, I asked for a charmer and they send *him*?"

*"His read was pretty good."*

"We can't sell a poster with his face on it."

And with that, the door clicked shut behind him. Their laughter could still be heard through the frosted glass.

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His face was blurry only three feet ahead of him. Contacts cast to the side in their little carrier as he looked into the bathroom mirror. His reflection was nothing more than smears of a face. God, if those casting directors knew the coke bottle lenses he needed. One more thing to laugh about.

The strain of his eyes trying to make sense of his surroundings made his fingers twitch on the counter. Richie *hated* not being able to see;

it set his teeth on edge. Just the other day he'd panicked thinking he'd lost his glasses when really, he just couldn't reach them on his nightstand. Just the chance that he'd be stuck without his sight, without being able to defend himself, had been enough to bring him to tears.

But, for now, he was content to look at this mirage of his face. His freckles faded away, his chest so blurred it seemed the proper width for boy of 6'3", his teeth, *his teeth*

The crooked chunks of bone seemed straight in his light. Seemed even. Seemed proportional. Seemed attractive. Fuck. *Fuckfuckfuck.*

He doused his face in water from the sink, ruining the quiff of hair Stan had worked so hard on, and jammed his glasses onto his nose. The frames were wire now, barely there, but the lenses magnified him in all his glory.

His pale, lanky, frog faced, buck toothed glory.

He shoved his backpack under his arm and stormed out of the bathroom before his lip could tremble too hard.

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Stan was home when he shouldered his way through the door. Typing away with that slight crease in his brow - must be working on his midterm. (Or the final? What month was it?)

His chuckle drew Stan's eyes far enough from the glow of his computer for him to look in his direction. "Hey, Richie." His eyes were already starting to drift back towards the document he had open.

"Hey."

That one word made him look sharply back up. *Dammit.* No accent? No pet name? No sweeping gestures? That wasn't the Richie Stan knew at all. But God, could he even be bothered?

"How'd it go?"

*Did you see his teeth?*

“Fine.”

“Fine?”

*Did you see*

“Yep, Stan my man. All good - ”

*His teeth*

“They really liked it,”

*Did you see*

“Richie.”

“Probably gonna get that call soon, they loved me.”

“Richie!”

Richie jumped, Stan’s hands were on his shoulders, nose inches from his own. Christ, when did he move? He should back up a step - don’t want to catch those curls on

*His teeth*

Fuck.

Stan eyes darted between his own. His face slowly blurring despite his glasses still firmly in place. With a soft sigh, he pulled Richie into his neck; tangling one hand into his hair as the other wrapped around his shoulders.

“Stan, it’s-”

“Oh my God.”

When he tried to open his mouth again all that came out was a choke. It couldn’t even be called a gasp, there wasn’t enough air in his lungs for that. He kept trying, and each time Stan would just shush him. Not like his mother, not like his agent, not silencing. Just

allowing Richie to not have to try. Not need to fill the gaps between Stan's soft words: "You're okay. Oh my God, you dork. It's okay. I'm here."

He was making it sound like someone died. It was almost funny, except for how it wasn't at all. Nobody dead here; just Richie's soul. Splinted into bits- *take a slice for a nickel! It's more than he's worth.*

Stan didn't demand answers, didn't sit Richie down and start firing questions. Stan wasn't like that. He knew Richie would say what was on his mind. He always did.

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The trouble with openly avoiding saying what's on your mind in your 300 square foot apartment is that there is literally nowhere to hide. Stan's desk was the makeshift footboard of their bed, there was no other floor space after putting in the entertainment system that was way too large on Richie's insistence.

So. Stan was seated facing the bed. Richie was *on* the bed pretending that he wasn't facing Stan. By hour three, Stan gave up all pretense of pretending to work on his paper and instead opted for staring directly at Richie with as few blinks as he could manage.

Richie did not appreciate this Hannibal Lector impersonation.

They both knew he had cried, it wasn't exactly subtle. But Richie had another audition tomorrow to prep for and Stan was making it *really hard* with his not-bedroom-eyes. Those were studying eyes; like Richie was a problem to solve. Like a piece of meat to examine.

Stan could see Richie's flitting eyes looking anywhere but at him. Stan could see his hunched posture so similar to when he was awaiting an inevitable lecture as a kid. Stan could see everything. Stan could see too much.

*Did you see his teeth?*

Richie ducked under the covers.

"Oh my God, Richie." He heard the scrape of Stan's chair across their

floor. Stan never dragged chairs, it damaged the wood. *Fuck, he was mad. Richie made him mad.*

Richie squirmed in the bed, dragging the edges of the blankets to tuck under him in a makeshift cocoon.

“Are you serious?”

Stan had crawled under the blankets as well but wasn't getting past Richie's stellar defences. Each boy sat up on the bed, individually wrapped in the blanket.

Richie couldn't help but snicker, “Well, way to go Stan the Man, now we just look like a couple of jackasses.” His laugh abruptly switched into a very manly shriek when Stan yanked at the blanket tucked under his knees. Stan's phone light was on, illuminating his face like a campfire horror story.

Richie attempted to backpedal out of the blanket, but the knit was too well tucked underneath him. Stan, seeing his maneuver, dropped his phone to grab the back of Richie's thighs. With a harsh tug (and another manly shriek) Richie landed in Stan's lap, one leg jammed under him while the other instinctually wrapped itself around his waist. Stan's hands slipped up across his back into a hold that was both balancing and firm. Richie wasn't going anywhere.

Richie tried to make a joke of it, “I mean, if you wanted to fuck-”

Stan dropped his head to Richie's shoulder, “Oh my God.”

“You say that a lot.”

“I have no other words for you.”

Richie blew a raspberry into Stan's cheek, laughing at his responding squawk. Stan wiped his face, but quickly settled his hand back around Richie. They sat together for a long moment that could've been hours. The day was catching up to Richie and he could feel his eyes drooping, content to just fall asleep in the slightly-too-warm den they shared.

Surprisingly, Stan broke the silence.



"Please talk to me." He moved one hand to reach for his phone, shutting off the flashlight. The setting sun from the window left them in an orange-tinted blackness. Richie couldn't see Stan at all beyond the faint kinked halo of curls. It was almost like being without his glasses, but so much calmer.

Richie let out a breath, "All I do is talk, babe."

Stan's hands tangled into the hair on the base of his neck.

"Richie," Oh god. "Did something happen?"

Jesus, was that what he was thinking? "No one molested me if that's what you're worried about," his voice cracks on his laugh, "not talented enough to blackmail, I guess."

Stan's hands tightened in his hair just enough to announce that that was *not* funny. "Beep beep, Richie."

"So don't talk now?" Richie started to pull away, trying to figure out how to get out of Stan's lap and a blanket at the same time, "You're giving me mixed signals here."

"Stop."

Richie froze, that tone - fuck - Stan shouldn't ever sound that tired. "Please just talk to me. Don't pull away because you think it isn't important." their foreheads are brought together, Richie can feel Stan's eyelashes across his nose, "I'm here. Just tell me."

"I just..."

*Did you see his teeth?*

"I think I need veneers." The words tumbled so fast out of his mouth he wasn't sure Stan caught a word of it.

"What?"

"Veneers, there like, porcelain teeth that they drill-"

"I know what veneers are, Richie. Why would you need them?"

“I...” *didyouseehisteethdidyouseehisteeth* “I don’t know, forget it.”

Stan’s hands carding through his curls ceased. Richie was worried for a moment he’d stopped breathing. He couldn’t see his face, but he didn’t need to to know when Stan was putting something together.

“What were their names?”

“Stan, c’mon,”

“What were their *names*?”

Richie almost laughed, but it was too choked to be a proper one, “What? Are you gonna go Mad Max on some casting directors? Full Hebrew road warrior on some bitch with a cobb salad?”

“It’s not-”

“It’s not shit, Stan! I hear it every day. He’s too skinny; his glasses are huge, can he even see? He looks like a ghost! Did you see-!?”

Richie’s voice had cracked beyond anything he thought was possible, “Did you see my teeth, Stan? Have you *seen* them? *Bucky Beaver*, that’s me. Careful, they’re practically a *target*! Henry and Patrick had it right back then, punch them enough maybe they’ll fit right! Maybe I’ll be-”

Stan’s mouth slammed into his before another word could come out. Teeth clacked together for a moment before the angle was adjusted. Richie didn’t even realize he’d been screaming until he noticed how dry his throat was compared to the wet tracks along his cheeks.

His hands shot up to tangle in Stan’s shirt as Stan’s slid to hold his face. The kiss faded at some point to just breathing into each other’s mouths, neither willing to move away.

“Don’t you ever,” Stan mumbled as he started to kiss across his face, “ever think that about yourself,” a kiss to his cheek, “like that,” his other cheek, “you’re wonderful,” his nose, “and funny,” his forehead, “and ridiculous,” and back to his mouth, “and *beautiful*.”

Richie couldn’t even attempt to find the words to argue, though he

knew they were in his heart somewhere.

Stan's fingers went to the temples of his glasses, tapping them twice; a silent request. Richie nodded his consent and they were slipped off of his nose. He doesn't know where Stan put them, but knowing him they're more secure than anything Richie would've been able to come up with in that moment.

He felt Stan's lips graze his eyelids, mumbling what may as well have been French for all that Richie could focus. Stan was all around him, encasing him, protecting him. "Your eyes are amazing and your hair is just insane, how does it even work? It's like a moving painting."

Richie's giggle faded off into a moan at the soft tug the the crown of his curls.

"Your neck..."

"Yeah, Uris?"

He could feel the grin spreading against his throat at his response, "It's like marble. So long, and strong, and pale. You're like a goddamn sculpture." Stan licked along his jugular, nipping lightly at the adam's apple.

Richie laughed at that, "If we're gonna keep running with art analogies..."

"And your teeth,"

Richie inhaled sharply, tensing for the blow even though he knew Stan wouldn't swing.

"They're adorable. You've got the cutest grin and the hottest smirk. And when you lick them?" Stan huffed a laugh into his collar, "Christ, Tozier. It's just telling me how many marks I get to see tomorrow from them."

Somehow Stan's hands made the long journey down his spine to palm his ass. Richie couldn't have kept his moan down if he'd tried. "You're so tall too, the longest damn legs. You can tower over anything and yet somehow," he squeezed, "you can fit right in my

lap. Right where you belong.”

*Oh God, say it, please say it...*

“You’re mine, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

His mouth mumbled the words right into Richie’s own: “My sweet boy. Mine.”

“Yours. *Fuck* yes, yours.”

“That’s right.” Stan’s hands split off, one dipped down the front of Richie’s pants. He circled Richie’s cock firmly, the tightness of his jeans couldn’t have made it easy, but Stan was nothing if not focused. The other found residence in his mouth, slowly thrusting digits between his lips. “You’re my boy, right?”

“Mmph, yesh” his words were muddled trying to enunciate around Stan’s fingers. They left his mouth with a pop, taking a breath to trail along his bottom lip.

Stan kissed him softly, lips still brushing as he spoke, “You belong to me, don’t you?”

“Yesssss...” his answer trailed at the feeling of Stan’s wet fingers sliding into the back of his jeans.

“So why-” Stan’s middle finger rubbed softly around his hole, tapping along to Richie’s heartbeat, “would I *ever*,” the digit pushed in, causing Richie to cry out “lie to you?”

“Fuck, *please!*” Richie cried into his mouth, hands desperately wrapping around Stan’s neck, why wouldn’t he *move*?

“*Would* I lie to you?” Stan’s finger pressed harshly against his prostate, but wouldn’t move. The closeness allowed even Richie’s eyes to see that Stan was staring right into his eyes - his *soul*, fuck.

“Stan, *Stan*, please...”

“*Richie.*” He bit into Richie’s lower lip, sucking on it as he cried out, and released it with a drag of his teeth. A second finger joined, pressing and stretching and burning and *perfect*.

“No!” Richie cried out, gasping as he desperately moved on his lap, trying to get some form of friction. “No, you wouldn’t lie! You never lie to me!”

“That’s right.” Stan didn’t even sound *fazed*. Calm and sturdy for Richie to cling to under this stuffy blanket. “I’d never lie to you, and I’m not lying now.” his fingers and fist suddenly gained a momentum Richie couldn’t have ever prepared for, making him wail against Stan’s lips as they continued their calm resolution.

“You’re Richie fucking Tozier,” *fuck fuckfuckfuck*, “You’re hilarious, even when I pretend you aren’t.” his fist twisted as it dragged up, “You’re beautiful even when you’re crying.” His fingers pressed and rubbed as his fist tightened, “And you’re *mine*.”

Richie came with what very well could have been a sob - from emotion or stimulation, he wasn’t sure. Stan kept stroking and thrusting until Richie’s whines went up a decibel. His hands gently slid out and then off of him. Running his hands across the bed haphazardly (he’d end up changing the sheets before bed regardless), Stan slid Richie’s glasses back into place and curled him deeper into his lap.

Richie just panted, slowly calming down with his face mashed into Stan’s neck. He reached for Stan’s belt before he was intercepted by fingers lacing with his own.

“No need.”

Richie blinked. “Are you serious?”

Stan’s face was tinged just pink enough for Richie’s adjusted eyes to see.

Richie barked out a laugh. “ I mean I know I’m hot, Stan, but-”

“Yes.”

Richie paused, taken aback by the confirmation in place of a 'beep beep'.

Stan's gaze didn't falter. "You were so hot riding my fingers and fucking into my fist that I came in my khakis, Tozier." There wasn't a trace of sarcasm in his tone.

"I..." Richie, once again, was left without words.

"What did I say?"

"That you don't lie."

"I don't." Stan kissed his forehead, "And you're mine. Can't forget that."

"Well," a grin split across his face, "guess I'll need a few more reminders."

#### **Author's Note:**

Oh, fuck. Okay. This was my first fic so if it sucks please tell me? Thanks.